Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowed.
Looke ſir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, muſt be loue, on Thurſday next.
Iu. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iu. To aunſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confeſſe to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you loue me.
Iu. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poor ſoule thy face is much abuſde with tears.
Iu. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrongſt it more then tears with that report.
Iu. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is a truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlandred it.
Iu. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure, holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now,
My Lord we muſt entreate the time alone.
Par. Godſhield, I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe.

Exit.

Iu. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt help.
Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy greefe,
It ſtraines me paſt the compaſſe of my wits,
I heare thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,

On

On Thurſday next be married to this Countie.
Iu. Tell me not Frier, that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me, how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſedome thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife ile helpe it preſently.
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* ſeald:
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to an other, this ſhall ſley them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienſt time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeake, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedie.
Fri. Hold daughter, I do ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death, himſelfe to ſcape from it:
And if thou dareſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel houſe,
Orecouerd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie ſhanks and yealow chapels ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his,